





# The Bucks County Gazette

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TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.  
The Gazette will be pleased to receive all communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications, however, cannot be published. In all cases the writer's name is required, (at least for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1892.

A VERY LARGE number of the Simon-Pure Democratic journals of the Eastern States already forsee to what dire calamity the adoption of the principles enunciated in the Democratic platform will bring. They, therefore, are counselling the incoming administration to "go slow" in putting in force a policy that will bring in its wake free trade and an irresponsible State treasury, arguing that to make radical changes on short notice would result disastrously.

The Doylestown Democrat, on the other hand, wants the administration to live up to the Democratic principles, and urges the Democracy everywhere to strengthen Mr. Cleveland's hands "in every effort to carry out the party's pledges." As the party's pledges are embodied in the Democratic platform, and as that platform denounces protection to American industries as a fraud, and also advocates the removal of the tax upon the circulation of State banks, it follows that our dyed-in-the-wool cotemporary wants no skulking in the Democratic ranks, and is in favor of the prompt repeal of the tariff laws, and the repeal of the State bank tax law.

While there is no doubt but that from one point of view the Democrat is right in its insistence that Mr. Cleveland's administration should follow the lines upon which he was elected, yet in the interest of the prosperity of the nation he certainly should carefully consider the effect of the legislation demanded.

People who have voted for a change and who are not satisfied with bright skies and goodly prospects, may have helped in a planting at the late election that may not culminate in a very satisfactory harvest. Vague wishes and misty hopes may turn to thorny realities. Should the Democratic party have the courage to frame new laws according to its late platform, it would not be long before people would realize the difference between the blessings they enjoy and the evils they now know not of. Perhaps it will not be long before they will yearn for another change, when good times and happy conditions will dwell only in the memory. Experience is good for us.

Reduction of wages is becoming quite general as the result of the decision of the American people to abandon temporarily the policy of Protection to American industries. The next four years will undoubtedly be characterized by lower wages. That is the principal point clearly established by the return to Democratic control in national legislation. It is a result for which workmen who voted for Cleveland have only themselves to blame. A year hence they will regret their action.

The President's family has met with another severe affliction, in line with the many deaths connected with the present executive administration of this country. The Rev. Dr. John Scott, President Harrison's father-in-law, died at the White House on Tuesday afternoon aged ninety-three years. Dr. Scott was born in Beaver county, and was the son of George McElroy Scott, a native of Bucks county, who went to Beaver county to take charge of a Presbyterian church.

If the Democratic party propose to carry out their doctrine of Free Trade during the next four years, there need not be much time or brain wasted in devising means to restrict emigration. The lack of employment and the consequent reduction in the price of labor, by reason of the adoption of a Free Trade policy, will more effectually retard emigration than any of the plans proposed.

General Edward Burd Grubb, ex United States Minister to Spain, is defending in a suit for \$2,500 brought by Leon Abbott, Jr., son of Governor Abbott of New Jersey, on behalf of John G. Borghum, an American artist, who now lives in Paris. The suit is to recover for a large oil painting of Gen. Grubb's mother and also a smaller painting.

Tire Cleveland and the anti-Cleveland Democrats are not leading a life of harmony in New York. The chief clerk in the office of the State Engineer was removed from his position because he worked too earnestly for Mr. Cleveland's election, of course retaliations will follow and the breach will widen.

Ex-Secretary Blaine will soon be removed to some point in the South, with the hope that the warmer climate will have a beneficial effect on his bronchial troubles, which seem to have been aggravated since the cold spell of weather set in.

Captain Jesse M. Baker, of Chester, is in the field for State Treasurer, which official will be elected next year. In the event of his election Collector T. V. Cooper will likely be his successor as State Senator.

## THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

EDITOR BUCKS CO. GAZETTE.—

Knowing that many of thy readers are interested in literary matters, I summarize a sketch of the National Library at Washington, known as the Library of Congress. The account is published in the current number of The Library Journal, taken from the New York Sun. There are now in the Library of Congress 650,000 bound volumes, which if placed on a shelf side by side, would stretch eleven miles. "Adjoining the central rotunda are two structures which might be compared to gigantic honeycombs, made of iron instead of wax, and designed to hold not nectar, but knowledge." These are the book-stacks, and each will contain 800,000 books. They are 65 feet high, 112 feet long, 45 feet wide, and have nine stories. On the iron shelves, made gridiron fashion, the books will be placed back to back with just room enough between the cases to allow of narrow passages.

This stack system affords good ventilation which is just as essential to the health of books as it is to that of humanity. It is anticipated that this library will be the largest in the world, and that provision has been made in the construction of the building to accommodate 5,000,000 volumes. A large department will be devoted to the copyright division, where will be deposited all publications on which copyright is granted. The plan of the library is modeled from that of the British Museum in respect to having the reading room in the middle with the book-stacks around it. The librarian will have his desk in the centre of the rotunda, with the desks for readers ranged in concentric circles around him. Three thousand persons can be accommodated in this reading room. Books will be given out and received at a ring-shaped counter surrounding the librarian's desk. Orders will be sent to the stacks and books brought to the desk by trays suspended from endless chains. The mechanism will be noiseless and invisible, the carriers running beneath the floor of the great reading room and on and on between the desk and book-stacks.

Each arriving tray will dump itself automatically at the desk, and in like manner each tray will drop its contents of its own accord at the proper tier in the stack. For example, if a book belongs on tier 7 the assistant waits until carrier No. 7 comes along and puts the volume on it as it passes. When tier 7 is reached the book is dropped out by the action of a peg and catch, and the person in charge of the tier puts it away on the proper shelf. The library will be connected with the Capitol by an underground cable road. Orders will be sent for books from a central station, midway between the House and Senate and they will be distributed on arrival by messengers. The account further states that one of the most remarkable things about this building is that it will be finished at the appointed time, four years hence, and that it will come within the appropriation, 6,000,000 dollars. Nine busts of famous writers, the subjects yet to be selected, will occupy niches in the window-caps on the west front, looking toward the Capitol, and the keystones of the window-arches on the four faces of the structure bear sculptured heads representing the thirty three types of races of mankind recognized by ethnologists, made from model and pictures at the National Museum, under direction of Prof. Otis T. Mason. In providing this great storehouse of learning at the national Capitol the government of the United States has set an example of liberality which might well be imitated, according to ability, by every community throughout the country.

It is a disgrace to the great and wealthy Commonwealth of Pennsylvania that she has no law on her statute-book encouraging and providing for libraries at the public expense, except a law passed within a few years allowing boroughs to appropriate the dog tax for such use. In this respect our neighbors, New York and New Jersey, are far ahead of us. There has of late been a move made to endeavor to place this matter in better shape in the old Keystone and it is to be hoped it will be successful.

JNO C. MAULE.

BRISTOL, 11 Mo. 30, 1892.

—An effort will be made to organize a Junior O. U. A. M. at Quakertown.

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## A PERPLEXED HOST.

A TURKEY DINNER AT WHICH THE BIG TURKEY WAS ABSENT.

How a Crowd of Country Lads Spoiled a Nicely Planned Feast—Mysterious Disappearance of a Roast Turkey—The Flight of a Tender Mortel.

A gentleman noted for his originality made the following improvement to the old saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the saucer," the other day in speaking of a disappointment a friend of his had experienced in losing his dinner through missing a train—a dinner to which he had been invited and at which he had been selected to respond to one of the toasts.

The simple missing of the dinner was more than set off at the old General Shields hotel, on the West Chester pike. A company of twelve Philadelphia men, interested in real estate developments in the country for the purpose of going out to look for profitable investments, and bent on word to the proprietor of the old hostelry of their coming, and ordered an old fashioned turkey dinner to be ready at 6 o'clock.

The order put the proprietor in his best humor and the entire establishment into an unusual flurry of preparing for the occasion. The hostler hurried to the nearest farmhouse to be had, and carried it into the hotel in triumph. Taking it into the stable he dispatched and plucked it in great haste. Everything in the time the order was announced until late in the afternoon, when the last dish was ready to be carried to the dining room.

The news of the gentlemen coming spread through the village, and every one felt bound to go to the hotel and see them, and none took a greater interest in the affair than the boys. They had finished their chores unusually early and were promptly on hand long before the hour of serving the supper. Of the entire community none felt his personal importance more than Dave Peters, the colored waiter, and every day was of great value to him, and he had a hatred for one thing more than any other, that thing was a claw hammer, which he said belonged to society gentlemen and not to a waiter, consequently he held to the old fashioned roundabout method of getting things done, and none took a greater interest in the affair than the boys.

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After viewing the effects of the table with a countenance beaming with satisfaction, Dave started toward the door and disappeared by descending the stairs leading to the kitchen, and a few moments later reappeared, carrying on a large dish the turkey, done to a lovely brown and beautifully garnished with carved roses, sprays of parsley and celery tops. Walking toward the table he found that no room had been left for the central and chief adornment of the table. Taking the situation in at a glance, Dave saw his mistake, and hurriedly set the dish down upon the broad sill of the window through which the boys were peering, and began rearranging the table to make room for the turkey.

No sooner had he turned his back to the window than one of the boys softly and quietly raised the sash, while another grabbed the turkey from the dish and fled across the hotel yard toward the old farmhouse, followed by his companions. After making room for the large dish Dave turned around, stepped to the window, raised the dish and placed it in its position in the center of the table, never noticing that the bird had flown down to the sidewalk he picked up the supper bell and gave it a violent ring, thus notifying the host that dinner was ready.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, please," spoke the proprietor to his guests, "step this way, gentlemen," leading them through a narrow passage from the bar to the dining room. No sooner had he reached the dining room than his gaze fell upon the empty plate, when he exclaimed, "David, where is the roast of General Jackson is that turkey?"

Poor Dave! Never was a man taken more by surprise. When for the first time he noticed the broken platter his broad smile vanished. In an instant his jaw fell and his large eyeballs stared most fearfully, while his whole frame shook with a terrible tremor. All he could say in reply to the abrupt and emphatic question was, "Don't know, sir, it was dar, it was dar," and hurrying to the kitchen stars he shouted down, "Yon, Phoeby, whar in de b'st dat turkey?"

"Go erlong now, you's got it up dar long erlong." The disappearance was not only a mystery to the waiter and cook, but to the proprietor as well, who in an apologetic manner asked the guests to repair again to the barroom while a thorough investigation could be made. Every one in the house, including the hostler, was questioned and cross-questioned, yet no light could be thrown on the mystery. After waiting an hour in trying to find the missing bird, and after a consultation with the guests, fried ham and eggs were substituted for the turkey.

It was not till two hours later, when the guests were about to depart, that the proprietor learned what had become of the turkey. One of the boys, more bold than his companions, came back to the hotel to see how the joke worked, and thinking the story of the bird's disappearance too good to keep, told it to one of the men that were loitering about the outside of the hotel.

The next morning the picked bones of the turkey were found scattered about on the ground back of the stable, where the boys had, after carving it with their pocketknives, greedily devoured the well cooked bird—Philadelphia Times.

Dress Goods from Spirit Land.

"A conductor on the International and Great Northern once told me a queer story," remarked Ezra Morgan at the Lindell. "His name was Painter, and his run was from Galveston to Willis, Tex. He said that shortly after his marriage he made a compact with his wife that whichever died first should appear to the other. She only lived about a year, and shortly after her demise, while he was sitting reading one evening, she walked up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder. She talked with him a few minutes as freely as though in the flesh, then, picking up a pair of shears that lay on the table, said: 'After I am gone you may doubt that I appeared to you. You may think it a dream or a hallucination. Keep this as a souvenir, and don't doubt.' She cut a piece from her dress, laid it on the table and vanished. The goods resemble white silk, but the texture she confesses that you do not know what it is; that if any such goods were ever woven in an earthly loom they do not know it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Caramels and Constancy.

In one of the large confectionery stores on Chestnut street the girls who have been there a long time know most of the engaged couples in town, and can tell how long the sweet entanglement has been pending. They also are pretty well posted as to what engagements are broken. The reason is that one of the things the engaged young man is supposed to do is to keep his fiancée supplied with candy. Usually when a young man lets up on his supply of candy it is a sign either of a misunderstanding or that the wedding day is near at hand, for, strange to say, with the approach of the nuptial date the bridegroom elect generally gets economical in sweetmeats, possibly because he is saving up for the bridal bouquet.—Philadelphia Times.

Chinese Officials.

In China there are two officials for each post, in order that one may keep upon the other, the rule being that no official shall report what he has done, but only what the other has done.

From the highest official to the lowest, all practice a system of unblushing robbery, called "squeezing." The salary of a victory in some cases is \$200 a year, he regularly draws not less than \$2,000. The salary of a judge is \$40 a year; he regularly draws at least \$2,000. There are 1,200 police in Canton, not one of whom receives wages, and yet the office is as much sought after. The fact is, we are assured, that the police are on excellent terms with the guild or fraternity of thieves, and they work harmoniously together.—Jesse Herbert.

The University of Morocco.

Besides being a university of learning, the Kaoum of Morocco is also a canteen and an inn, in which are welcome to sleep and to rest all those who are so poor as not to be able to pay the small copor coin which the fondak keeper requires before shelter is given, and the fact that his doors are wide open and his hospitality granted without any restriction, whatever is widely known throughout the empire.—Fortnightly Review.

Wanamaker's.

PHILA DELPHIA, Monday, November 28, 1892.

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## Wanamaker.

If comfort or taste are to decide, the mass of Overcoat Capes are mere lotches. These graceful Capes of ours are on double-breasted Coats with large collars and made with perfect tailoring. \$30 and \$35, six sorts. Others down to \$15.

Our Oversacks divide honors with Cape Overcoats. There is a change in fashion. But you cannot understand it unless you are acquainted with our Kersey Oversacks at \$35, \$38 and \$45. They are blue, but they make the custom tailor turn green. Other sorts at \$20, \$22.50 and \$25. The ten-dollar-Overcoat-man is well cared for here.

A growing idea. When boys are to be clad consult Wanamaker's. The Boys' Clothing business is done here on the come-back principle. So serve you that you'll be glad to come next time. That's the regular way. Then, too, there is the exceptional way that brings the same good service combined with bargain prices.

That's the way that brings the 1500 Short Trousers which we first show to-day. They are made from ends, fine and very fine, solid and durable, and go at \$1.25 to \$2.50. The stuffs at cost would double the prices. Being last ends costs are forgotten.

The facts justify the bargains. The same reasoning does not explain the cheapness of the Boys' Suits at \$4.50 and \$6 and the Cape Overcoats at \$5. The makers made too many and we think they were thistle-eaters to sell so as to let us make the low prices. But that's neither your affair nor ours. We caught the bargains—for you.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

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